

# HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1928.

## *News of the Mill Villages*

### KERSHAW, S. C.

Mr. Bish Estridge has been on the sick list for several weeks, he has been in very bad shape, but we are glad to say that he is able to be out some now.

Mr. J. F. Chalmers and two friends, Mr. A. B. Brown and H. B. Cook of Fort Mill, S. C., were visiting in Kershaw Friday afternoon. Mr. Chalmers is our former weave room overseer here.

We are having a singing school here now, they meet each night in the week. It is being taught by Rev. F. S. Robinson, of this village.

We are having lots of measles here now. I think they must be getting all who have not had them, on this go-round.

Mr. C. W. Byrd has been on the sick list this week, but I think he is on the mend some now, and will soon be back on his job.

A READER.

### WAXHAW, N. C.

#### Rodman-Heath Mills.

Well, Aunt Becky, I will join in with you again, as we all hope 1928 will be a prosperous year.

Waxhaw has plenty of measles. We have several cases in the mill village.

Waxhaw school had the old fiddlers' convention on last Saturday night and everybody enjoyed the occasion. There was plenty of fine music and good dancing.

Miss Pearl Rodman returned Monday from Philadelphia and other Northern cities.

Our Sunday school has started off fine and we hope it continues through the year.

Mr. Lerry Temple is planning to move his family to Monroe, Tuesday of this week. They are moving to the Manetta Mill.

The telephone exchange caught fire on Sunday morning and caught Mr. Harris' store, but not very much damage was done as the people

worked faithfully until they had it conquered.

Our mill is running only ten hours a day, so we get more rest and we enjoy it very much.

Mr. Lex Pressley's children have been very sick with measles, but they are improving.

Aunt Becky, I sure do enjoy the new story, it is just fine.

Mr. G. T. Fletcher has moved his family to Waxhaw.

We was glad to hear so much news from Laurel Hill; we are glad to hear from our old friends.

Eula Mullis.

### SPINDALE, N. C.

We have been fortunate to get the Piedmont Attraction Company, at Spindale House. Saturday night was the first program, and it sure was a good one. We had an attendance of over 625.

Mr. Tanner, the president of the mills, and his superintendent, made it easy for the employees to get their season tickets, which the mill sold before the company arrived—something over 485.

Spindale House is doing lots of good for our community. Last Tuesday, Forest City matched Spindale for a basket ball game, and defeated Spindale 56 to 32.

Mr. Berry, superintendents of the Spindale House, is a hard worker, and he is doing lots of good here with the girls and boys. He is making it interesting for the old and the young. The older men have organized a volley ball team; Mr. J. O. Williams, superintendent of three of our mills, enjoys this game very much; you know he is a great baseball fan.

The Textile Club met last Tuesday at the usual time; attendance, 24; Mr. G. B. Howard is president. Dinner was served by ladies of Spindale Baptist church.

The Rutherfordton County Country Club will meet at Spindale House next Tuesday. With over 100 attendance, the dinner will be served

by the ladies of Spindale Baptist church.

We always enjoy reading the Home Section; it reminds us of the old Mill News.

Bennett and Silvers, contractors, expect to begin the building of the Spencer Baptist church of this town in the near future. Rev. M. M. Huntley, the pastor, says it will cost approximately \$10,000.

Miss Alma Bland and Mr. Boyd Dobbins were married at Gaffney, S. C., January 7, 1928.

A READER.

### CHESTER, S. C.

#### Baldwin Mill.

The Woman's Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday evening.

The president, Mrs. A. L. Willis, had charge of the devotional. Those taking part on the program were: Mesdames G. F. Wrenn, F. Inman, W. H. Massey and Mrs. O. V. Thompson. A social half-hour was enjoyed. The hostesses for the evening, Mesdames Wrenn and Thompson, served sandwiches, cake and hot coffee.

Miss Louise Chapman gave a birthday party on Friday evening; quite a number were present. Games and contests were enjoyed by all, after which lemonade and cake was served.

Rev. G. F. Wren, J. L. Bell, E. H. Roe motored to Winnsboro Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Inman and family and Mr. Joe Hudson spent Saturday in Union.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Chapman and family spent the week-end with relatives in Lancaster, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Wilburn of Lockhart, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilburn.

Mr. H. Childers spent the week-end in Lockhart with his father, who has been very ill.

Aunt Becky, we sure do enjoy the new story. We can hardly wait for the "Home Section" every week.

A READER.

## Becky Ann's Own Page

### BECKY AND JEEMS IN GEORGIA

Tuther day when the big Bulletin Boss asked me if I'd like to take a leetle run to Georgy. I wuz rite in fur it,—specially as I had traded in my Shiverlay Kyar for a Pony-ack ortermobile. Jeems lowed he wuz a goin' too, an' we struck out. So, if the Home Section ain't what you expect this week, jest blame it on the printer's devil. (That's what we have him fur,—to pack all our short comin's on.)

Well, we got to Greenville, an' Jeems lowed he had a quarter he wanted to spend fur eats. We driv that Pony-ack up in frunt of a cafe, where a sine sez, "Stop here to load an' unload."

"We'd better drive on, Jeems," sez I, an' he sez:

"What fur? Ain't we fixin' to load up? Now, Becky Ann, "If a perleece says anything agin no parkin' here, I'll tell him to take his sine down." But nobody didn't bother us, we et dinner an' went on our way.

When we got past Anderson, South Carliny, mitey ni ever sine sez: "Windin' Roads," an', there's a town down there summers, named Wind-er, but we didn't go there, cause Jeems lowed he wuz sorter skeered o ftoo much windin', an' there weren't no use of makin' that Pony-ack play twistification too much.

Well, we air enjoyin' our trip, an' here's hopin' the Home Section will get out O. K. while we air gone.

Becky—

### HARTWELL, GA.

#### A Nice Mill And Friendly People.

It was a real pleasure to visit Hartwell, where Mr. A. F. Garrison, superintendent, is one of those genial gentlemen with a cordial welcome in his greeting that makes one feel that "it's good to be here."

The mill is in splendidly clean and sanitary conditions, and the surroundings are very attractive, with borders of nicely kept evergreens.

Work runs as good as can be, with 8,080 spindles and 216 looms running full time, on sheeting.

The overseers are a fine bunch, and all good friends of the Bulletin.

W. P. Norman, is overseer carding, and Sidney Burden is his second hand; J. M. Addison, is overseer spinning, with O. A. King, second hand; C. Gilstrap is overseer weaving; W. A. Davidson, E. O. Williams and J. E. Casey, are loom fixers; A. R. Williams is overseer cloth room; Henry Baniston, master mechanic.

We need a good correspondent at Hartwell Cotton Mill, and we hope Mr. Garrison will succeed in finding one for us.

### ATHENS, GA.

#### (Where We Always Get Lost.)

Yes, sir, we've been going to, and through Athens for around 18 years, and get lost every time we go there. Boston, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga., are considered the most confusing places,—but to us, they are easy, when compared to Athens. We couldn't find the name of a street anywhere, and the only signs we found, pointed to Atlanta. Not a soul in town could direct us to a cotton mill! Some of them had "heard" about the "check mill," but had no idea where it was.

That got us "confuddled" for our directory didn't say anything about a "check" mill. Finally a colored man told us how to find the "check" mill, which turned out to be

#### Athen's Mfg. Co.

It is not a check mill now, but when first organized it did manufacture gingham of such extra fine quality, and made such an impression on people that they've drilled it into every generation.

A page from "Niles Register" dated May 2, 1829 hangs in a frame in the mill office, and gives an interesting account of the organization of Athens Mfg. Co., which, at that time was four miles from town, and not the present building.

Mr. O. D. Grimes, vice-president and general manager, who was for many years with Milstead Mfg. Co., Milstead, Ga., as superintendent, is one of the most prominent and efficient men in the Southern textile industry, and a valued and active member of the Southern Textile Association. He has been with Athens Mfg. Co., about four years, and has made a 200 per cent addition to the building and equipment. The mill now has 26,000 spindles, and 49 looms. The product is tire fabrics and specialty yarns.

D. D. Quillian is the genial superintendent; W. D. McCombs, carder and spinner; G. E. Andrews, overseer twisting and weaving; W. R. Hallman, overseer clothroom; G. W. Finger, master mechanic.

It goes without saying, that Athens Mfg. Co., is running successfully. There have been so many improvements about the plant, that we really did not know the place.

#### Star Thread Mills.

This mill is ten miles from Athens at Barnett Shoals (Athens, Ronte, A.) and is one of the most picturesque spots anywhere. But my! the car seemed almost to stand on its head, as we drove down the steep incline to the mill office. The superintendent was confined at home with flu; the overseers were all interested in moving the looms to the Princeton plant (same company)

and it was impossible to interview them.

We had the good fortune to see Mrs. Pitts, of Galveston, Texas, who is visiting relatives in Barnett Shoals, her old home town.

H. O. Kennett, is superintendent, assisted by A. G. Marshall; J. W. Cunningham is overseer carding; W. R. Williams, overseer spinning; C. G. Jones, overseer weaving; J. O. Smith, master mechanic; Guy Center, assistant mechanic.

#### Southern Mfg. Co.

This is the largest plant in Athens and consists of No's 1, 2, 3, and 4, with the following as department heads and assistants:

No. 1, John Norris overseer carding, and W. H. Kirk, overseer mule spinning. Mr. Kirk has been here since 1893, and was glad to see us again.

No. 2, G. W. Petty carder, Mr. Spratlin, spinner. Mr. Petty has a broken finger which always makes him remember "Becky Ann!" No, Becky didn't break it, but, about 14 years ago, while Mr. Petty was working in old Anderson Mill No. 2, at Anderson, S. C., he turned his head to look at "Becky" and a weight caught his finger, smashed it, and he keeled over in a faint. He doesn't hold it against us, though. H. P. Couch is his second hand, and W. T. Rss and Nevil Allen, are card grinders.

No. 3, This is the weaving department, and big, fat, jolly E. N. Bishop has been in charge ever since we have been going to Athens. George Bishop, his grandson, and C. B. Guest, are second hands.

No. 3, H. M. Kirby is overseer carding; A. L. Veal, night carder, Jno. Graves, card grinder; Andrew Flannighan, overseer spinning.

T. J. Ross, another faithful standby, who has been on the job for years, is general overseer of spinning; W. G. Stevens, overseer waste department; A. H. Howland, superintendent of mechanics; D. F. Lisle, shop foreman; H. L. Garrison machinist. Somehow we failed to get the superintendent's name.

Just last week, new officers were elected for the ensuing year.

D. C. Collier, prominent mill man of Barnesville, succeeds the late Billups Phinzy.

C. H. Newton, who has been associated with the company since its organization, was elected vice-president and chairman of the board of directors. He is a recognized "textile authority."

Director are: D. C. Collier, C. H. Newton, H. F. Patat, Hugh Spalding, J. M. Billings and A. E. Bird.

Our good friend, Mr. Bishop, overseer weaving, let us meet a number of the charming girls in his department, and one of them has



promised to write news items for the Home Section.

The superintendent (am sorry I failed to get his name), Mr. Patat, and everyone connected with the mill gave us a cordial welcome and made our visit very pleasant indeed.

We missed two of our friends of Mill News days,—Mr. J. M. Creekmore, who has moved to Crawford, and Mr. Flannighan (Sr.) who has gone to his eternal reward.

#### MONROE, GA.

##### Walton Cotton Mills

We found so many improvements here, we hardly knew the place. So much fine cement has been used, around mill and office making everything wonderfully attractive.

We had never before met Superintendent Harry J. Horn, but we liked him first sight, and hope all other new ones we meet will be just as courteous and agreeable.

We had only a few moments to stop here, but Mr. Horn appointed an especially nice escort to take us through the mill, which has 21,456 spindles and 621 looms or drills, twills, sheetings and sateens.

H. A. Coker, is still overseer carding; A. O. LaFoy, another stand-pat; L. J. McDonald, overseer cloth room; ter, is spinner; J. B. Dostler, weaver; O. J. Allen, master mechanic.

##### Monroe Cotton Mill

deserves a better write-up than we have space to give at this time, so watch for it next week. One of the biggest-hearted superintendents in the South, J. W. Mears, Sr., has been at the helm ever since we have known anything about Monroe. But we'll tell you about this place later.

"Becky Ann."

#### MONROE, N. C.

##### Icemorlee News Items.

Nellis Mae Elliott, the small baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Elliott has rapidly improved and will soon be well again.

Miss Ruth Byrums, who has been sick with the measles, is improving.

Mr. Archie McCrone is visiting relatives in Laurel Hill, N. C.

The Methodist preacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Angle seem to be interested in the church and its members. They are good folks to visit the sick. We are trying to make them feel welcome at Icemorlee.

Mrs. E. McCrone is improving.

##### Officials on Visit.

The secretary and treasurer, Mr. Ed Fitzsimmons, J. O. Edwards, general superintendent of Icemorlee and Everett Mills; Mr. Hinson, assistant superintendent at Everett Mills, and W. C. Quick, overseer of carding, Icemorlee, enjoyed a business trip together last week. They

visited the overseers and superintendent at the Rhodhiss Mill, at Rhodhiss, N. C. It was a most enjoyable occasion and they all hope to be together on many such trips.

Mrs. Parley M. Cooke.

#### KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

A large number of Kings Mountain folks attended the Southwide Baptist Sunday School Conference at Greenville, this week. Most of them going Wednesday.

Annie May, the 16 month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis McGee died Friday, January 13th, after only a few hours illness, with membranes croup. All was done for little Annie May that could be done but God wanted another jewel in Heaven and when the parents after seeing her suffer so much, said "Thy will be done." He transplanted her to the garden above where suffering never comes.

Funeral services were held at the Wesleyan Methodist church Sunday afternoon by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Connor, assisted by Rev. Armstrong, of Gastonia, and Rev. Clement. The little body was laid to rest in Mountain Rest Cemetery, beneath a mound of flowers to await the resurrection morn. She is survived by the grief stricken parents, three brothers, one sister, two grandmothers, one grandfather and a large number of uncles, aunts and cousins. Those attending from out of town besides the assisting preachers, were Mr. and Mrs. McGee and children, of Gastonia; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Connor and Children, Mrs. L. E. Connor of Bessemer City. There were others that we did not get their names.

Mrs. Dewey Moss has been real sick for some time and does not seem to improve very fast.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Bridges had a very sick child last week, but he is on the mend. There is a few cases of measles here now.

##### Phenix Mill.

Mrs. Catherine Jenkins, better known as Grandma Jenkins, passed away at the home of her son, Mr. Newt Jenkins of Clover, S. C., Tuesday, January 10th, after an illness of more than a year. Kings Mountain had been her home since she was a young woman until the last year she went to spend some time with her son at Clover and was never able to come back. The body was brought to Grace Methodist church, of which she was a member, Wednesday, where the funeral was held by her pastor, Rev. W. H. Pless, assisted by Rev. C. J. Black, pastor of the First Baptist church here and Rev. Stanfield, pastor of the Baptist church at Clover. She was nearing 78 years old and had been a member of the church since 13 years old. She was a quiet Christian woman and to know her was to love her. She was

the mother of ten children. Four of them with her husband, having preceded her to the grave. Those surviving are Mr. Newton Jenkins, Mr. Campbell Jenkins of Clover, S. C.; Mr. W. H. Jenkins of Winston-Salem, Mr. Miller Jenkins of Gastonia, and Mr. John Jenkins and Mrs. Ed Bumgardner of Kings Mountain. A large number of grandchildren and several great grandchildren also survive. The children were all here for the funeral.

Mrs. Hulda Goforth accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Jenkins of Winston-Salem, spent Thursday and Friday in Shelby.

Mrs. W. H. Jenkins of Winston-Salem, arrived Tuesday to attend the funeral of her mother-in-law, and will visit relatives and friends here throughout the week, returning to her home Sunday.

Mr. Jake Harmon, who has been sick so long, is able to walk about a little now; we are glad to say.

Mr. and Mrs. John Daberry and children of Shelby, visited at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. J. B. Mauney Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Davis who spent a few days at Shelby, returned to her daughters, Mrs. J. B. Mauney, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Saunders of Clairmont, are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAbee, until they can get a house at the Sadie Mill, where Mr. Saunders is at work.

Mr. C. J. Gault's father, who has been visiting him since Christmas, has been right sick for the last week. We hope he will soon be better.

Mrs. J. L. Mauney is on the sick list at this writing. We wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Oscar Lyda of the Mountain View Mill, visited Mrs. J. B. Mauney, Wednesday.

##### Dilling Mill.

Funeral services were held Wednesday for the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cobb at the home, conducted by Rev. W. H. Pless, and the little body was carried to Huldendar's Grave Yard for burial. The mother wasn't expected to survive for some time, but is doing nicely now.

Mr. M. W. Odom stopped over here last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Odom, enroute from Lenoir, N. C., to Greenville, S. C., where he is taking a position as overseer of twisting at the Judson Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Connor and children, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gardner at Bessemer City, Sunday.

Clara, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lail has been very sick, but is improving some at this writing.

Mr. Howard Parrish has been out with measles for several days this week.



# GASTONIA, N. C.

## Beautiful Wedding at Smyre. Personal News.

The Busy Bee Club girls were very glad to welcome into the club on Monday night two new members, Misses Fannie Bryant and Sudie Hutchins.

Misses Ida and Mattie Harbin of East Gastonia; Miss Jenny Gilbert, Messrs. C. E. Harbin, Robert Stiles attended the Memorial Service at McAdenville M. E. Church, Sunday evening, held in memory of Rev. C. M. Campbell.

Mrs. J. A. Monroe of Georgia is spending several weeks with her son, Mr. J. P. Rowland.

Mrs. R. F. McAdams of Burlington, N. C., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. F. Bryant.

Messrs. Carl Lynn and Bynum Short were visitors in Shelby, N. C., Saturday evening.

Miss Nell Ewing spent the week-end in Shelby with Miss Estlee Connor. Miss Connor entertained Saturday evening in honor of her guest.

Mr. H. J. Gazaway is spending a few days with Mrs. T. A. Joy and family.

Among the out of town guest who attended the Holland-Leonhardt wedding were Rev. Jas. A. Barrett, of Rock Hill, S. C., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barrett, Mr. H. Y. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Barrett, Mrs. Nannie Wallace, Mrs. Mary Barrett.

Mrs. Ross Edison of Dallas spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Jenkins were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rowland, Sunday.

Miss Margaret Cox visited Miss Inez Whitener, Sunday.

Mrs. A. L. Hendricks spent Monday with relatives in Davidson.

## Beautiful Wedding at Smyre.

Smyre Methodist church at Ranlo was the scene Wednesday evening of a very lovely wedding when Miss Eileen Holland, of Ranlo, and Mr. Ben Leonhardt, of Lowell, were united in marriage in the first wedding ceremony to take place in Smyre church.

A color note of green and white was employed in decorations of Southern pine, ivy, calla lilies, and maidenhair fern. The background for the altar decorations was an effective grouping of pines, against which was a lattice work arrangements before which white tapers burned in seven branched cathedral candle sticks. The chancel was draped in white and festooned with ivy, and large baskets of calla lilies were used here and there.

Miss Sadie Futrell, wearing a robe de style of pink satin and a shoulder bouquet of Columbia roses, presided at the piano. Her first number was "Traumerel," after which Miss

Margaret Wilson sang "All For You," by Guy d'Hardelot. Miss Wilson wore a robe de style of green taffeta and tulle and a shoulder bouquet of roses and fern.

The bridal party entered to the Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin, "Souvenir," by Drydla, was played during the ceremony, and Mendelssohn's march was used as a recessional.

The ushers were Ed Nichols and Howard Homesly, of Lowell, and the groomsmen were Ellis Rankin, of Gastonia, James Lowery, of Lowell, Coit Co and Charlie Stroupe, of Ranlo.

The bridesmaids were Misses Lucile Cox, Mary Robinson, Essie Goodnight, and Nell Ewing. These wore bouffant gowns of chiffon taffeta in yellow, blue, rose and orchid, and carried arm bouquets of silver-pink Columbia roses and maidenhair fern.

The matron of honor was Mrs. G. B. Smith, of Lowell, wearing a robe de style of green chiffon and carrying an arm bouquet of calla lilies.

Little Misses Louise Wilson and Alice Falls, both of Lowell, were adorable flower girls. They wore ruffled frocks of pink crepe and carried baskets of rose petals and swansonia.

Dean Van Uelt, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Van Pelt, carried the ring in a calla lily. His suit was a Lord Fauntleroy model of black velvet with blouse of white crepe.

The groom was attended as best man by Mr. Sam Hand, of Lowell, and the bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. N. W. Holland. The officiating ministers were the bride's uncle, Rev. James Barrett, of Rock Hill, and the groom's pastor, Rev. A. C. Tippet, of Lowell.

Mrs. Leonhardt is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Holland. She received her education in the Lowell high school and King's Business College, Charlotte, and for the past five years has held a responsible position in the offices of the Smyre Manufacturing Company. She is a gifted musician and has been organist for Smyre church since its organization. She is active in the social life of the church and community and is loved and admired by a wide circle of friends.

The groom is a son of the late B. F. Leonhardt and Emma C. Leonhardt, of Lowell, his family being one of the oldest in the county. He is a graduate of the Lowell high school, and for a number of years has been in the automobile business. At present he is connected with George D. Enfield, Inc., Gastonia.

Following the rehearsal Tuesday evening the bride entertained the members of her bridal party and a few additional friends at the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Lynch. The centered with a lovely wedding cake, table was laid with a lace cloth and

White tapers in silver sticks were used at the four corners of the table, and the chandelier was showered with green and white tulle with a white wedding bell in the center. Ices were served with the wedding cake.

# PALMETTO, GA.

Miss Bettie Long spent Sunday in East Point, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Peek.

Miss Ruth Kate Roberts was the week-end guest of her sister, Mrs. Watler Bradley.

Miss Cora Dennis spent Saturday night with Mrs. Nola Bailey.

Mrs. J. E. Boynton and daughter, Miss Lavinia and George Thomas Dennis spent Sunday in Egan Park, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boynton.

Mr. Walter Bradley and Mr. George Dennis spent Sunday in Atlanta as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moss.

Mr. Wyt, Rodgers and Mr. Roy Anthony of Roanoke, Ala., were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Rodgers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lyons and Mr. eid Boynton motored to Atlanta, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. May White was the dinner guest of Miss Thelma Bentley last Tuesday.

## MEMORIZE THESE FACTS.

The Bible contains 66 Books; 1,480 chapters; 31,173 verses; 773,693 words; 3,586,489 letters; the word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word Lord 1,855 times; the word "Reverend" but once; the word "girl" but once, in the 3rd Chapter and 3rd Verse of Joel; the words "everlasting punishment" but once and "everlasting fire" but twice; the middle verse in the Bible is the 8th verse of the 118 Psalm. The 21st verse of 7th Chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters in the alphabet except J. The finest Chapter to read is the 26th Chapter of Acts of the Apostles. The 19th Chapter of 2nd Kings and the 37th Chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th Chapter of Ester. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th Chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words in the Bible of more than 6 syllables.

Get your Bible and look up these facts, there are very few people who could answer these question correctly.

The above facts may be of interest to the Home Section readers, and if printed in your paper they will reach many who would otherwise never know them.

T. W. Harvey.



# Truth Crushed To Earth

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"Oh!" sneered the woman. "Goin' to kill hisself was he?" Then she laughed uneasily.

"He was;—but instead, he's decided to clean house," the preacher's eyes narrowed to mere slits as he walked up the steps onto the porch, with Bony beside him; "and he's going to use whatever method is necessary to accomplish his purpose."

"Bony" looked at the preacher half hopefully, half fearfully. The woman looked at Bony with contempt. The preacher understood at once that she had lost respect for her husband who so meekly accepted and bowed beneath "his cross." He continued:

"My advice to Mr. Ransome is to master himself first;—to get right with God—and then to master his household. God can give him something besides a cotton string for a backbone, and can put some grit in his gizzard, just as easily as he can give a man a clean heart in exchange for a filthy one,—if allowed the privilege. Woman, I have no doubt that you are virtuous; but as a wife, mother and neighbor, you are an absolute failure,—a disgrace to your sex!"

"Bony" gasped, half frightened, and then stared at his wife in amazement. Why didn't she sail in and "bless the man out?" Instead, she was gazing at him dumbfounded, and in admiration. Her whole attitude seemed to express the thought that "at last" she had "met a man!"

The preacher's unerring and almost uncanny instinct, sized the whole situation up in a nutshell. Bony, too, began to see things in a new light,—led on and encouraged by his new-found friend, who continued,—his steel gray eyes holding the woman's faded blue ones in whose depths he watched intensely for the least sign of the soul's awakening:

"You have a 12-year-old son. Where is he? Out on the streets somewhere, of course, getting into all the devilment a boy of his age can devise; teasing dumb brutes; cruelly treating smaller playmates; smoking cigarettes; spending every nickle for picture shows and cold drinks; learning to gamble with marbles or tobacco tags; getting ready as fast as time for the reformatory, the chain gang and hell! You—instead of applying the brakes are oiling the machinery for a sure and swift slide to destruction, while the devil smiles approval.

Still the woman did not speak. Her breath came in quick gasps; her bosom rose and fell convulsively; she gazed in dumb agony upon the awful picture so vividly painted by the preacher; her hands trembled.

"Your neighbors can't like you; anyone detests bad housekeeping, and pities the woman who is a dead failure

## They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

## Becky Ann Bocks

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

## Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

## Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

### W-O-R-R-Y.

When it comes to worrying I believe I am head and shoulders above everybody. I frequently worry an hour or two at a time because I can't think of anything to worry about. I worry if it rains, because I am afraid it will rain too much; I worry if it doesn't rain and when it's cold I worry because it might get so cold that it will kill the grain I have planted, but still I always worry because I am afraid it won't get cold enough to kill the boll weevil. So, I worry, worry, worry.

I worry when a note comes due. I'm afraid the bank won't renew it, and when they renew it, I worry because I had to pay the interest. When I buy a new car, which is once every 4 or 5 years, I worry because I feel sure a new model will be out the following week and then I keep on worrying because the price will be cut. (It always has been cut, too.)

I cross all of the bridges before I get to them. I have run foot races with bridges a thousand times. No bridge can get ahead of me. When a pimple comes on my face I know it's the beginning of a cancer, and after I have forgotten it and feel a pain in my stummick I reach the conclusion instantly that the doctor didn't take out all of my appendix a year or so ago, and then that he left is fixing to bust.

The other day some of my folks borrowed my car and went away in it to spend the night. I worried all night because I was afraid they would drain the radiator and let all my dollar's worth of alcohol spill out on the ground, but the next minute I began worrying because I was afraid, mebbe, I didn't put enough alcohol in it to keep it from freezing and pang! went 40 dollars for a new radiator.

When somebody tells me that somebody called me on the phone while I was out, I begin to worry sure enough then. I think that perhaps one of my mules had died and the tenant was trying to phone me about it, or that my store had been broken into by a thief, and I was needed to help hunt him down. It I cough 3 times I realize that nearly half of my uncles died of pneumonia and if I sneeze twice, I've got the flu.

No, sir-ree; there ain't any end to it. Old trouble is always on my trail. Worry rooms with me and sleeps in my arms. It sticks closer to me than a porous plaster. It never gets beyond the end of my nose. It is behind me and in front of me and on my head and under my feet, but, right now, I can't recall having had very much to worry about, but I am worrying because I'm afraid that folks who read this will think I'm a bigger fool than I really am, but I ain't.

Little Willie: "Say, pa?"

"Well, what is it, my son?"

Little Willie: "Who lcses all the faults our neighbors find?"—A. L.

in everything except boosting for the evil one. Woman! Get right with God!"

"I—I—belong to the church!" she gasped, a bit defiantly. The preacher smiled pityingly.

"Which doesn't prove a thing madam,—except that you ought to be turned out. God's children are known by their fruits,—likewise the children of the devil,—whose favorite child you are. 'Cleanliness is next kin to godliness.' I don't believe God will abide with the lazy, sloathful, man or woman, nor in a filthy habitation. There is plenty of water; soap is cheap, and you have health and strength. Get busy at home. Clean up yourself and your house! Make this a little heaven on earth for your husband, and son,—Home in every sense of the word, an anchor for the soul,—a haven of rest. For the sake of your own immortal soul, WAKE UP!"

"Lord! man,—now you're talkin'!" came the boyish voice of Jimmie Ransome, who had come up a moment before and paused unnoticed in the yard at the end of the porch. "This is the filthiest hole I've seen, an' I've got a doggone bait of it! Just look at ma, now! Ain't she a daisy? I don't know, she might look decent if she'd try. Dad, I just wish you an' me could get away from it all an' start over!" despairingly.

This was the last straw. Mrs. Ransome loved her boy,—no mistake about that. She leaned heavily against the door facing, and turned tear-dimmed eyes in his direction, her usually sharp tongue silent.

You see, Mrs. Ransome, something needs to be done at once," said the preacher. Then he turned to the boy and held out his hand. Jimmie Ransome recognized and appreciated the fact that somehow here was a real friend. He jumped onto the porch, came forward and laid his hand timidly in that of John Ergle's, whose heart went out in a great tender love and pit yfor the bright little fellow.

"Instead of running away, why not help mother to clean up and fix up, and then help her to keep things straight?" kindly. "I expect that you and Daddy have untidy habits, too."

"I'm off for the afternoon—'spose we sail in right now and make a beginning?" Bony spoke up.

"Oh, ma! Le's do! Le's get busy an' fix up our house like Miss Conley's! Purty an' clean an' sweet smellin'! Will you? An' put some curtains to my room windows, an' some flowers"—but here his voice trailed off sadly—"but we've not got a one!"

"Go to it!" exclaimed the preacher heartily as he gave both man and boy a friendly whack on the back. "Today is Tuesday,—I'll come back Thursday night and bring you some pretty blooming potted plants! By that time you'll have things cleaned up and ready for them,—won't you Mrs. Ransome?" and he grabbed her dirty hand and squeezed it in joyous anticipation.

"I'll try," she sighed, as if dreading the task—"Yes, I'll try."

"Good! And you are going to succeed," came the em-



phatic assurance of the preacher as he bade them good-bye.

"Katie—what'll I do first?" Bony asked, a tender, hopeful note in his voice, as John Ergle turned away.

"I guess we'll get everything out to sun, and then do some scaldin' an' scrubbin'," came the quiet reply. The man of God smiled and uttered a prayer in his heart.

"Oh God, mine is a queer ministry sometimes! Help me to make good. Sometimes I get discouraged, but like Paul, I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me. It seems to me, dear Lord, that about nine-tenths of the misery in this world comes from ignorance of the most common rules for regulating domestic machinery. I thank thee for leading me into the homes and lives of two families today, and pray that you will guide and direct me in every effort to save the precious souls of Alf Moore and his little girl, and these whom I have just left, partly aroused from a dangerous state of lethargy and deadly stagnation.

"Oh God! Habits are fearful things! Wake mothers up, till there will not be a fifth home in our city to poison and degrade the morals and choke out every hope and good impulse from the hearts of little children!"

## CHAPTER V

Mother Ergle was eagerly watching and waiting for the return of her son, and assailed him with questions as soon as he arrived:

"Now John, tell me all about the little girl. Somehow my whole heart went out to her in a great flood of tenderness, an' I just wanted to get her in my arms an' hold her. I never thought about it at the time, but have wondered since if the poor child was hungry."

"No mother,—only hungry for a home and a little love,—just as are thousands of other children,—grown-ups, too." Then he told her all about Virginia's home, and his impressions of her surroundings, and that he hoped to induce her father to take her away from such influences.

He related, too, his strange and unexpected acquaintance with "Bony Ransome" and the tragedy of a home life which had driven the man to long for death, and a bright boy to plans for revolt.

"Law sakes, John! An' you went clean 'tother side o' the river. Now, son, that's outen' your territory. You're spreading out too fur. You can't look out for everybody, an' tain't no use to try. You got more to do right 'round here then you can tend to, I think, an' if I was you I'd look up the preacher an' welfare folks oyer there, if they got any, an' turn the Ransomes over to 'em. You stick to Virginia."

The preacher smiled, put his hand under his mother's chin, tilted her face up and gazed tenderly into her eyes, and quoted Ecl. 9:10.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it, with thy might for there is no work, nor device nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Mother, my

## ROY DALLIS DEAD.

LaGrange, Ga., Jan. 21.—Mr. Roy Dallis, one of the city's most prominent and influential citizens and a member of one of Troup county's pioneer families whose name has been intimately associated with the history of the growth and development of this section of the state, passed to his eternal reward, Thursday morning, January 19th about four o'clock.

Mr. Dallis was born September 15, 1872, and at the time of his death he was fifty-five years old.

Upon the completion of his college work, Mr. Dallis returned to LaGrange and engaged in work as a civil engineer. He took a keen interest in construction work of every kind and under his supervision and direction the sewerage system of LaGrange was established. He also surveyed and plotted out a large number of the residential and industrial centers of the city.

### Enter Textile Field.

He became connected with Elm City Cotton Mills when it first began operation in 1905 and served as manager for almost a score of years. Several years ago, Mr. Dallis was made consulting engineer for the Callaway organization and held that position until his death. He was vice-president of Elm City Cotton Mills and Manchester Cotton Mills. He was a director of Unity Cotton Mills, Elm City Cotton Mills, Hillside Cotton Mills and the LaGrange National Bank.

For the past twenty-five years Mr. Dallis had been identified with almost every civic enterprise, giving unstintingly of his time and ability.

He was a man of high ideals and had been a potent factor in the growth of the city in a material way. Greater than his material accomplishments, however, was his influence of character; he was kind, just and unselfish in his every undertaking and had the love and admiration of the people in every walk of life. He was a noble, true, loyal, patriotic citizen whose death brought sorrow into every home of the community.

### Funeral Services Friday Morning.

Funeral services were held at the First Methodist church Friday morning at 11:00 o'clock, Rev. John E. Ellis, the pastor, assisted by Rev. A. E. Dallas, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Walter P. Binns, pastor of the First Baptist church, officiating.

The pallbearers were: Messrs. Ira Grimes, B. J. King, Cason Callaway, W. H. Turner, Hatton Lovejoy, W. T. Tuggle, H. H. Childs, Hubert T. Quillian and C. W. Coleman.

Mr. Dallis is survived by his widow, two daughters, one son, Leslie W. Dallis; his mother, Mrs. Leslie W. Dalli, two sisters, Mrs. W. S. Dunson and Mrs. E. R. Park; one brother, Walter Dallis; two nieces, Miss Eleanor Dunson and Miss Alice Turner; one nephew, Tom Turner; an aunt, Mrs. George Dallis; and an uncle, Virgil E. Dallis, all of whom are residents of LaGrange.

## SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS

On earth the broken are; in heaven a perfect round.—Robert Browning.

For what am I?

An infant crying in the night,

An infant crying for the light,

And with no language but a cry. —Tennyson.

**NEWBERRY, S. C.****Mr. O. Z. F. Wright, President of Newberry Cotton Mills, Gives Annual Supper to Overseers and Office Force. Personals.**

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it has been some time since I have written you I thought I would give you a smattering of news from the City of Friendly Folks, Newberry, S. C.

The Mill Company gave the employees a long vacation for Christmas, stopping off on the Thursday before Christmas and resuming operations the Thursday following Christmas. Everyone seemed to have had a very merry Christmas, and a quiet one, too. There were hardly any fireworks, and no Christmas "Spirits" at all.

Mr. D. B. Chandler, who recently underwent an operation, is back on the job of overseeing the cloth room, and we are very glad to see him stirring about again.

We are very sorry to state, however, that Mr. Davis, our superintendent, is confined to his bed with a very painful carbuncle on his neck. He is improving at this writing, and we hope to see him up and out in a few days.

Mr. B. O. Creekmore spent the holidays at his home in Georgia, and advises us that he had a wonderful time.

Our honored president, Mr. Z. F. Wright, gave his yearly supper for the overseers and office force Thursday night, January 12th. Those present were: W. H. Hardeman, weaver; J. Y. Jones, spinner; E. G. Waits, carder; D. B. Chandler, cloth room; F. K. Jones, assistant spinner; T. H. Chappell, yard foreman; J. D. Kinard, foreman of carpenters; E. J. Willis, supply clerk; R. D. Wright, A. H. Dickart, J. S. Pruitt and Wright Cannon. The last four gentlemen constitute our office force. Mr. Herman Wright, brother of Z. F. Wright, was also present. Mr. Davis, superintendent was unable to attend owing to his illness, and Mr. H. H. Her, master mechanic, was out of town for a few days. After the supper the whole crowd was kept in an uproar by the good-natured and ready wit of Mr. Wright. Everybody had a splendid time, although they were hardly able to work the following day, after eating such a bountiful spread.

Wishing you a successful and prosperous New Year, I am,

MABEL WILLIS.

**DON'T.**

(Dorothy Leeming)

When slander you hear of a friend,  
And are tempted with some fact to link it,  
Whatever the thing you might think,  
**Just play the big part and—don't think it!**

When you feel the sting of a taunt,  
And have a good chance to repay it,  
Whatever the thing you might say,  
**Just play the big part and—don't say it!**

When you'd stoop to play a mean trick,  
Although, in your heart, you eschew it,  
Whatever the thing you might do,  
**Just play the big part—and don't do it!**

When you might be less than your best  
Because there is no one to see it,  
Whatever the thing you might be,  
**Just play the big part and—don't be it!**

territory is unlimited. And when God sends a heart-sick soul to me as He sent Ransome, I accept the charge. I couldn't do otherwise. The best little mother in the world is going with me to visit the Ransomes Thursday night, and is going to give some of her pretty flowers to brighten that home."

"Bless your heart, John—ain't that what we grow flowers for?" The old lady smiled. "And if you feel that way about it, I've got no more to say,—only let me help you all I can."

"There!" kissing her, "I knew you were just jealous 'cause you hadn't met the Ransomes—and hadn't been appointed on the relief committee!" laughed the preacher boyishly. "I know mighty well that you've got a dozen plans humming in your head right now,—and that you are going to smuggle a loaf of fresh home-bread and a bag of your famous doughnuts to that family. Oh, I know you, mother mine! Any mail this afternoon?"

"Yes, and while you read your letters, I'll take stock of our flowers and see what we can do for the Ransomes and the little motherless girl. We ain't goin' to forget her,—bless her lonesome little heart."

At this selfsame hour, Virginia was trembling before the wrath of her aunt, who had just been informed by Alf Moore that he had promised the parson to make a change. Jane Moore had salved her conscience so long, claiming herself a martyr to circumstances that had forced a motherless child upon her, that she had come to believe that she was doing God's service in giving Virginia a roof and board in exchange for the girl's hard labor.

"I never knowed it to fail," she wailed, the tears coursing down her cheeks—tears of disappointment and avarice,—offered as tears of grief—"No, I never knowed it to fail—nothing I do for you is ever appreciated. S'pose you'd a had to hire somebody to tend to Virginia all these years? Bless my soul, you'd had to a worked more'n you ever have, to pay your bills. An' jest as soon as she gets big enough to help pay the expenses of her keep, you,—ungrateful brother that you are, have the face to tell me the house I run ain't a fit place for her."

"Well, it ain't," snapped her brother: "We've had proof of that, I think."

"The house ain't got nothin' to do with her low-down principles!" stormed Jane. "They were born in her! She ain't never been a straight-forward, honest child that a body could manage properly. She's always had hifalutin notions—an' rather be a readin' novels an' porin' over fashion magazines than to be sewin' or patchin' or sweepin' an' dustin'. I've had a hard time with Virginia,—I've lost lots of sleep with her;—God in heaven knows, I've tried to be a good mother to her, an' this is the thanks I get. 'Be sure your sins will find you out,' Alf! God will sure punish you if you treat me with such ingratitude after all I've done for you and yours." And here Jane buried her face in her apron and shook with sobs.

(Continued Next Week.)